

Everyday at The Coffee Corner

7:53AM, with sunlight creeping into the room more than she'd like and several alarms ignored already – in false hope that her boss would leave a message saying that there would be enough staff in without her, or that there was some unforeseen issue and the cafe would be closed, anything so she could stay comfy and not have to worry working on these busy weekend days.

Yet just lying in bed as the world rotates was not going to buy groceries, clothing or anything else necessary; even in spite of how snug she felt right now. So with a half-awake sigh and regretfully throwing the blanket away, Seavmey started finally stirring with a lack of urgency one would really expect with someone meant to start their day in around half an hour.

Sitting on the end of her bed and reaching into the various coloured felt boxes containing her clothes, the young woman *finally* took warning of the time as her expression shot wide awake; fumbling her hands into the boxes and taking out a heavily-padded chequered bra and simple white underwear, while the rest of her work clothes were still folded up on the floor from washing not yet put away. Taking what little time was available to make sure her bra was adjusted and comfortable (to the best extent possible), Seavmey rushed trying to tug up her underwear and leggings with one hand as her alarm went off again; 8AM now as she accepted defeat trying to reach and simply threw the blanket over her phone to dampen its unwelcome noise.

Holding up her red work shirt and sighing, she threw her arms into the sleeves; its XXL size making it seem almost like a dress while doing up the buttons, going from extremely loose to tight higher up as she held her breath for a moment before exhaling, the fabric around her impressive chest stretching out like a hamster's cheeks. With her skirt and shoes now on and earbuds in, she may as well have left home still using her toothbrush as it ended up on the kitchen counter side; shouting out "*See you later!*" before closing and locking the family apartment's front door.

Quickly trying to hop down flights of stairs without a view of your feet isn't the easiest activity, yet being no stranger to the various challenges that come with such a top-heavy figure, Seavmey and her grippy flat shoes were up to the task! Her bra however, was not – the absurdly huge piece of underwear was clearly struggling; working overtime to contain these enormous mountains gifted on behalf of genetics. At least the one enjoyable part of her pre-work routine was right around the corner...

Poking her head around and seeing the coffee stall always led to a happy sigh yet despite working in a cafe already, its always nicer when someone else puts in the time and effort to make it for you. Casually greeting the stall worker and agreeing to the usual being made, this caramel flavoured icy treat was an oasis in the desert each humid summer morning. With her prize in hand and payment given, Seavmey now had 6 minutes to make a normally 15 minute walk and the young woman was *not* going to run to try and make it!

Iced coffee in hand and sipping it on this leisurely stroll meant she was indeed a bit late arriving, yet not being the one to open up meant it wasn't the biggest crime that she was running behind. Placing her cup in the nearby trash bin and stepping under the neatly designed *The Coffee Corner* sign, Seavmey opened the door and looked around, seeing no-one but hearing a semi-sarcastic response from the back room; "*oh so you are showing up today Miss Lundqvist!*".

"*I'm sorry!! Not really being too late though am I?*" she replied back, trying to act as if her delay was sincere rather than a notable lack of willpower to wake up in time.

"*Well you showed up today which is already in your favour compared to Hana last week... Can you start by wiping down the tables and making sure menus are neat please?*"

"*Sure, just putting my phone into the locker and being ready*" was the response given, as Seavmey headed into the staff room deeper inside, stopping her music and putting both phone and earbuds away first. Grabbing an apron from the basket next (which she found easier to tie loosely and pull it up around her waist), before tightening the cute white outfit item; each one with a coffee cup printed on the front.

Catching the mess that was her morning hair in a nearby mirror and looking closely in, there wasn't much she could do but try to flatten a few wild auburn strands here and there before heading back out. Crouched down under the counter; chest pressing against her legs rewarded a cloth in one hand and antibacterial spray in the other, not nearly as cool as a sword and shield but suitable enough for her upcoming task.

Going up to each table and spraying them before leaning forward to wipe resulted in two prominent issues; first, the sheer size of her imposing bust meant that it too would attempt to help clean, much to her annoyance while very notably

compressed against the tables, as she tried to stretch her arm to the other side.

Secondly, this unwanted cleaning assistance meant the underside of her chest would often look similar to the cloths once she was finished with this chore – dirtying the underneath of her cramped uniform as if by habit, the brunette barista would quickly wipe here with the cloth to get rid of any dust or crumbs in this now-spray dampened area.

Not noticing one of the tables had a large spot missed; hidden from view by her oversized top-half, next was the menus to be placed out. Taking the spares and tidying up others still in their holders, the cafe was starting to look ready and before long, numerous other staff, both kitchen and waiting, had showed up, with the sign finally being turned from closed to open not a minute after 9AM.

As one of the waitress staff in today, Seavmey's job was simple; be polite, take orders, ferry these around and tidy up once the customers were all done. Due to how busy weekends would be – with newcomers and regulars alike all coming in as the cafe gained popularity within the city district, meant that Saturdays were often the most demanding despite closing at 2 in the afternoon. The pay was increased a little this day to reflect the extra effort staff would need to put in, but in Seavmey's case, the more noteworthy part of her earnings are the tips given; not always for her service directly as she'd gratefully store them away in her 'tip jar for a bigger bra', as it was nicknamed.

At only 150cm tall, with naturally reddish-brown hair tied in a messy bun at the top and stopping level with her shoulders, coupled with her pale skin, dark blue eyes and unique mixed race facial features (thanks to her Chinese, Cambodian and unexpectedly, Swedish heritage) meant that numerous customers young and old, male or female – found her cute or outright gorgeous, and that was before being unable to look away from her extremely obvious imbalance...

Seavmey's small stature was visibly dominated by a bust that was really quite hard to describe just how huge it is, other than each breast somehow seeming larger than her head; torturing the buttons of her work uniform, along with whatever ungodly sized bra was needed to keep these monstrous assets in check.

Such a jaw-dropping juxtaposition was hard not to notice, especially when each step or small movement leads to this hefty softness bouncing and moving within her outfit – it was almost mesmerising to watch her run about taking orders as these gigantic pillows took up far too much space; trying their utmost hardest to hinder her as she would attempt to squeeze herself between customers, often carrying an order as she struggled to fit through holding her breath in.

She knew that many eyes would end up fixed on her during these busy work days, yet despite the attention she would try to not let it sink in; there was no magical potion of reducing or way to hide her overloaded figure – and despite all the issues bestowed onto her, Seavmey's self-worth would try to remain stronger than the surprised looks and occasional unwanted comments.

Heading over to an elderly couple who had just gotten comfortable, the young woman politely lowered her head just into view and offered to take their order if they were ready to do so. Clearly a lot of effort to forcibly tug her notebook out from the overburdened chest pocket, she grabbed a pen luckily still clipped to the apron (previously storing them on her collar until a 'soft vanishing act' occurred one day...) and noted down what was wanted; smiling with an energetic *"Thank you, I'll get to this!"* as she headed away to hand the order to the kitchen staff.

In the midst of this hectic workday Seavmey was trying her best to weave between dining and walking customers – sweat already running from her brow; drops finding their way to hit her tightly compressed cleavage. Taking a moment to tug at her white collar as the weight of her enormous bust shifted along, she quickly ventured out the back for a moment to cool down; summer was truly horrible right now.

Out of sight from the working world, salvation lay in the refrigerator; water bottles for all the staff. Taking one out and holding it onto her forehead was nothing short of heavenly respite as she let out a long-drawn sigh; if she'd been able to cram her chest in the fridge at this exact moment she probably would have.

Gulping down most of small bottle's contents in one go, the cooler rush led her to shiver as the next task on her mental checklist involved having to stretch up; trying to reach the ice trays and muttering to herself in Khmer why they had to be stored at the very top and not elsewhere for convenience's sake...

Whining as her gigantic bust clashed against one of the frigid shelves, the frontward pressure applied so she could reach the target without her 'K-cup' breasts pushing her away was becoming painful and not at all worth it. At this moment, a colleague also came in for water and upon seeing the poor girl's predicament, pulled over one of the break room chairs for her to stand on; teamwork proving successful in this endeavour.

With a playful note scrawled and secured to the fridge door asking for the ice to be kept lower down, Seavmey headed out with her break room rescuer in pursuit, where both women were handed orders as soon as they appeared by the main counter.

Being careful with the drinks tray as it firmly pressed into her chest, the Sino Khmer-Swedish woman headed over to table seventeen where a familiar yet unappreciated face welcomed her; a middle-aged English-speaking regular who would show up and get the same simple order each time, just to stay and leer as Seavmey worked across The Coffee Corner. *"Ahh its you perfect! Isn't this weather great for-"*

"Asking me come out with you again, and this milkshake will ruin your suit y'know." Seavmey retorted back with, placing the strawberry treat down with force as her heavy chest bounced alongside the order.

Despite not being that tall or imposing, when annoyed the union of sharp glaring eyes and furrowed brow was enough to show displeasure and show it well, as her unwelcome guest scoffed and took the milkshake closer; a lesson maybe learned about manners and boundaries.

Tidying up other tables as she delicately balanced glasses, plates and bowls against the soft pressure of her figure – a skill learned over time and impressive to see in action, Seavmey would keep cleaning up vacated spots as the early afternoon closing time drew closer. Wiping down everything visible below herself and having to go back for a spill or two previously obscured, she then set down the final taken order of the day; a chicken banh mi and coca cola to go with it.

He was maybe around the same age as her and clearly shy towards his waiting staff, but not rude in any manner, thanking her and she appreciated anyone's kindness in this role. The tip given was generous too so there really wasn't a reason to complain at customers like him, even if it was a few minutes past closing by the time he'd finished.

With the front door shut, sign turned and the workday officially over, Seavmey let out a weary sigh and wiped her forehead with her arm – it was becoming unbearably hot now; 36 Celsius as she thought to herself that she *had* to have lost weight within her chest just from how sweaty it felt. When no-one was looking a second water bottle was seized to act as a makeshift ice-block; remaining under her boobs for a few vital moments before snatching up her phone and earbuds.

Saying goodbye to her colleagues and manager until next week, earbuds went in as she walked back home, FFAF coming up in her playlist as she shot a message to her sister to unlock the front door in anticipation. Yet the last thing she wanted, was to walk up multiple flights of stairs in this sweltering overworked state (since the building's elevators were all being inspected).

"The notice has been here for weeks now... Why is it all of them together?!" she thought to herself, as her only motivation was coming from three things once the handle at home was turned; air-conditioning, stripping down and a cool shower. Ruining the day when her parents signed the contract for a home this high up in the apartment block.

Currently, her pace ascending each staircase was woeful compared to when she left home this morning. Stopping part way up to quench her thirst thanks to the second bottle of water taken earlier; its contents alluringly cool...

Blue eyes darted around and with no-one else nearby, the heat left her with no other option but to store this bottle somewhere that desperately needed a bit of relief and temperature regulation; quietly stating to herself *"Its not like anyone is able to see it here anyway!"* before resuming her undesired expedition, uniform almost popping open with each heaving step. If this was bad enough she could forget about ever taking up hiking!

Meekly opening the front door (which thankfully Kravann had unlocked) and stepping inside, the air-conditioner's charming welcome almost brought Seavmey to her knees as she pulled forward the shirt's collar as much as possible; buttons questioning what they had possibly done to deserve this unjust abuse as the refreshing breeze embraced her skin, no longer needing the makeshift cooling system.

"Suosteiiii!! I'm back now!!" she called out; wanting to propose to whoever invented AC as she set her phone and earbuds down on the dining table, as her sister and father greeted the little barista from their respective rooms. Her mother Sakon was just in the living room enjoying her free time, the two women being quite close to the spitting image of each other – excluding Seavmey's messier hair, lighter skin and commanding bust line.

"Was work okay Seav? You seem exhausted!" the older woman asked, with maternal concern in her voice for her younger daughter.

"Its Saturday isn't it, so its all just... rushing around with orders in this heat. I'll be fine once I change and cool off so is the shower free?" Seavmey asked, Sakon smiling and saying to go right in, before Kravann jokingly shouted that she'd be taking it first.

"I will throw you out of there Kravann I swear!" Seavmey exclaimed back, quickly heading into the bathroom and locking the door as her sibling's amusement could be heard from the nearby bedroom. Now at stage two of her relaxation plan, the young woman shook her feet trying to fling her shoes away, forgetting they were still clipped up as she rolled her eyes at herself, now correctly managing to get them off.

Undressing down to just her underwear, she winced at how tight this bra and clothing had been – the former's strained underwire digging into her ribs while her work shirt's buttons were probably going to sue her if they kept getting treated like this. Reaching behind and unclipping multiple tense metal hooks, the ability to comfortably breathe was restored as Seavmey inhaled deeply; her enormous unbound chest somehow getting pushed *even further* out on her top-heavy silhouette before she leant forward, undressing fully and turning the shower on low.

Loosening the iconic top of her wavy hair and heading in, any issues or problems in her day began to unravel as the lukewarm water ran down her body from head to toe. By the time fifteen minutes had passed, with hair shampooed and all traces of sweat now gone, she was a different person; happy, comfortable and content as she pressed the button and stepped out – reaching for a towel as she left her clothes kicked away in the corner.

Trusty hair dryer armed, she quickly gave it a blast on full before plodding outside and into her room to grab clothes; chest bouncing with each little movement as her re-sewn sports bra (adjusted a few weeks ago to try and add more material into the straps), baggy dark green shirt and gray hot pants were all chosen for the rest of the day.

Happily dropping back onto her unmade bed and bouncing, as even this customised sports bra could not stop such a mass from heavily jiggling before resting squished against her chin. An arm went off adventuring underneath for the cable to pull out her handheld console with, as she rolled onto her front briefly for extra reach. Yet with this position also so uncooperative to her well-endowed self, Seavmey groaned – shuffling onto her side and finally finding the device; yanking it up ready to relax with Stardew Valley, until her father Sven came into the room.

"Your phone is still on the kitchen table and all your clothes still in the bathroom you know missy? Your mother says that there is already a curtain in there so your underwear isn't needed as well."

Her cheeks going the same shade of red as the cafe uniform and blue eyes wide open, this now-embarrassed daughter apologised and hurried up to start tidying the mess left in her return. It would be just a little bit longer as she picked up the immense piece of clothing with one hand and pondered its size; pouting. *"Do I really need to start looking for something bigger than this? How huge am I gonna get..."*

Thinking aloud with a finger poking into her soft expanse, she bundled everything else up in her arms and headed back to her room, putting it all in the washing basket before spinning on her feet and aiming towards the kitchen, as her Switch loaded up with menu music coming from its speakers.

The rest of this summer weekend was still hers to enjoy, playing with a hair tie between her fingers before hearing *"oh and why was your toothbrush in the kitchen too?!"*...